TERROR FROM THE PAST - PAX IMPERIALIS RETURNS!

36 $2.95 US £2.20 UK

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

LET THE GALAXY BURN!!

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

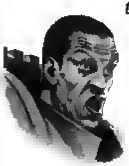
BY THE GRACE OF THE EMPEROR! *What a stroke af luck this osteroid flooting by Gutspew. A chance ta rest aur weary limbs ond toke o break from the monotony of floating thraugh the warp. If fortune smiles upon us, I'll soon be back an Macragge amangst my brothers – protecting the Golden Thrane from the forces of Choos ond olien scum.*

PAH! More likely we'll end up within the – be still my heart – Eye of Terror with you as a slave of the Blood God, forced to attend to my every need. And I'll be back in the service of Khorne – fighting the forces of the False Emperor and claiming Space Marine skulls in the name of the Skull Throne. Just like the good old days.

SILENCE CUR! *I've had enaugh of your vile ramblings. If you don't watch out I'll be forced to dispense same divine retributian with my balter. Errm, Gutspew. Whot's thot thing thot's just jumped anta yaur shaulder?*

WHAT? Oh no we're in trouble now Baneblade. It's a Nurgling! And if there's one on this asteroid then there's bound to be more nearby. Quick! Get it off *me* and lets get out of here before its friends arrive.

TOO LATE GUTSPEW! *I ossume thot huge shifting black maund behind yau are its friends ond from the laaks af them they're mighty hungry. Ouch! Get aff my ankle Chaas Spawn!* **DAKKA!DAKKA!** *AAAGHH! Get them aff me, Gutspew! They're inside my armour!*



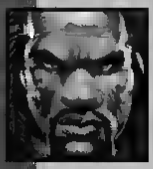
I CAN'T, Baneblade! They're eating *me* alive! Give *me* my arm back you little freaks!

NICE LITTLE NURGLINGS. *Naw be gaad boys and give Uncle Boneblode back his nice shiny Bolter. Na! dan't point it at me, point it at Gutspew!*

DAKKA!DAKKADAKKADAKKADAKKADAKKADAKKA!

NEXT ISSUE: DARKBLADE RETURNS!

Inside this comic...



PAX IMPERIALIS
Marshall Byzantane and a squad of Adeptus Arbites confront a hideous relic from the Dark Age of Technology.

MORDHEIM
Ulli and Marquand flee for their lives as something unspeakable rises from the depths of Mordhiem.

KAL JERICO
Can the Underhive's coolest Bounty Hunter outrun the long reach of the Emperor's wrath?

DEATHWING
Heroic Dark Angels return home to celebrate a great victory – only to find that their people have been slaughtered!

GAMES WORKSHOP

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SOMEWHERE IN THE WARP

LETTER OF THE MONTH

• Hail, brother Baneblade! By Guilliman, you are truly a hero of the Imperium! Even in the Eye of Terror itself, you continue to defend the Emperor's Divine Light! The Imperial Laurel awaits you on your return! Erm, sorry about that. Looks like I got a bit carried away. Anyway, I just wanted to tell you guys how much I enjoy this publication of yours.

Warhammer Monthly adds a new dimension to the whole Games Workshop hobby. As far as the stories go, they're absolutely brilliant! There's not much I can say to fault them. And the art's really good, too. However, the story that stands head and shoulders above the rest has to be Titan. Much of the hobby goes to creating a story, but Titan goes further and creates a saga...agreed, three Blood Angels on a Daemon world is interesting, but a 100 foot Warlord Titan and its crew says that much more. Praise be the Machine God!

And as for that whining cur Gutspew, I think the business end of your bolter should teach him something worth remembering!

– Suresh Kumar, via email

Brother Kumar you are a credit to the Imperium and a man of impeccable judgement. Like yourself, I have nothing but admiration for the Titans and their brave crewmen. My only wish is that when I fall defending the Golden Throne with my life itself, the Machine God sees fit to restore my spirit in a vessel of the Emperor's holy vengeance. Maybe then I'll be able to teach that Khorne loving cretin, Gutspew, something he will never forget!

• Praise thee, noble Sires and Ladies, may the Lady of the Lake bless you. Please allow me to introduce myself, first. My name is Jean-Pierre Luc de Gasconne, brave Knight of the Lady and survivor of thirteen vile assassination attempts. As you already guessed, I am of noble blood (you surely did not take me for a commoner as the common folk cannot read nor write) and my family's line dates back til my grand-grand-grand-grandfather Duke Jacques de Gasconne. I subscribed to your regular tomes of Inferno! and WHM to let my children know of great tales and sagas of noble knights. Of course, I noticed that for example in WHM #33 there is not a single page of contents for Warhammer Fantasy or Mordheim. Also the contents for that (ie. my) world in Inferno!'s last issue regularly was almost non-existent. Don't get me wrong, I am not complaining as only wimps complain. No... I am challenging you.

I understand that feather and ink is your favourite weapon and I would never allow myself to choose weaponry. So, my challenge shows respect to your talents: I call you a bunch of unholy demon-lovers and say that you don't have faith! You will never, let me repeat... never, be able to bring out one complete issue of Fantasy contents only (alright, Mordheim does count). You did with WH40K, but you will never manage to do that. Of course, so as not to make things too easy for you, I will stay without a weapon (without feather and ink, that is) and will not provide one of my many suitable tales.

Should you think of not accepting this challenge, then be sure that I will start a quest to Albion or wherever in the Warp you hide and show you how to handle a lance!

Vive la Bretonnie,

with regards,

Oliver Rosenkranz

– Berlin

My honour has been besmirched, Knight of the Lady. A daemon-lover indeed! In the Emperors name, I accept your challenge Ready yourself and be prepared to be defeated by the power of my feather and ink!

Pledge your undying allegiance to the Most Revered Emperor – and the most pious text will receive a Space Ork Nobz box set.

Send your prayers to:

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PAX IMPERIALIS
IN THE AGE OF THE IMPERIUM OF MANKIND, KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.
ADEPTUS MECHANICUS EXPLORATOR TEAMS SCOUR THE GALAXY IN SEARCH OF THE SECRETS OF EXTINCT ALIEN CIVILISATIONS AND SCRAPS OF LOST HUMAN KNOWLEDGE FROM THE DARK AGE OF TECHNOLOGY.
THE STASIS FIELD HAS BEEN DEACTIVATED! THE LAST BARRIER STANDING IN OUR WAY HAS BEEN REMOVED!
TO THE TECH-PRIEST SERVANTS OF THE MACHINE GOD, KNOWLEDGE IS EVERYTHING.
WE HAVE WAITED LONG ENOUGH
KEEP ALL COMM LINK CHANNELS OPEN. WE'RE GOING IN
HONOURED MAGOS, WE ARE DETECTING FLUCTUATING ENERGY LEVELS FROM WITHIN THE STRUCTURE. PERHAPS IT WOULD BE WISER TO WAIT UNTIL...
WAIT? IT HAS TAKEN FIVE MONTHS AND MOST OF OUR RESOURCES TO GET THIS FAR.

Script: Gordon Rennie • Art: Paul Jeacock • Letters: Fiona Stephenson

ESTIMATE STRUCTURE'S AGE TO BE FIFTEEN TO EIGHTEEN THOUSAND YEARS.
RADIATION LEVELS INTERFERING WITH SCANNER OUTPUT. ADJUSTING FREQUENCY.
SECONDARY BLAST DOORS AHEAD. DEPLOYING LAS-CUTTERS.
ALMOST THROUGH. PICKING UP STRONG ENERGY READINGS FROM WHATEVER'S BEHIND HERE.
TELL THEM TO GET OUT OF THERE NOW.
WHAT...?
BYZANTANE, MARSHAL PRIMUS, ADEPTUS ARBITES
INVESTIGATION OF THIS SITE HAS BEEN FORBIDDEN BY IMPERIAL EDICT. RECALL YOUR TEAM NOW
ON WHOSE ORDER? WE SERVE THE GLORY OF THE MACHINE GOD, NOT-
WE'RE THROUGH. MOVEMENT... SOMETHING AAAAAAGH!
THE STASIS FIELD YOU CAN REACTIVATE IT?

THEN I GIVE YOU FIVE MINUTES TO REVERSE THE PROCEDURE.
DEAD, ALL OF THEM
CHECK THE BODIES. I WANT THEM ALL ACCOUNTED FOR.
THE MAGOS...
" WHERE'S THE MAGOS..!? "
WH-WHO ARE YOU..?
I AM PAIN. I AM LONELINESS. I AM ABANDONMENT. I AM AN ETERNITY OF IMPRISONMENT ALONE IN THE DARK.
WHAT.... DO YOU WANT..?
DATA INPUT.
TCHTK

IN THIS AGE THEY WOULD CALL IT A *DAEMON* BUT IN TRUTH IT IS THE CREATION OF AN EARLIER, GREATER AGE
SENTIENT SOFTWARE ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE WORDS THAT MEAN NOTHING IN THIS BARBARIC AGE. IT SIFTS THROUGH THE MIND OF THE BARBARIAN REJOICING IN WHAT IT FINDS THERE
THE MACHINES OF THIS AGE CRUDE BUT SERVICEABLE IT SEES ITSELF STRIDING ACROSS WORLDS IN THE FORM OF METAL GIANTS, CROSSING THE GULFS BETWEEN THE STARS HIDDEN INSIDE THE LOGIC ENGINES OF THEIR GREATEST WARSHIPS

SO MANY NEW FORMS, SO MUCH FREEDOM AFTER AN ETERNITY OF CONFINEMENT
D'LANNNM
AND ALL THAT STANDS IN ITS WAY ARE A PITIFUL HANDFUL OF MEAT CREATURES
READY WEAPONS ARMOUR PIERCING ROUNDS ONLY!
DRONE BODIES, ANIMATED BY THE MEREST FLICKER OF ITS OWN CONSCIOUSNESS
FIRE!
POWERFUL
DEADLY
AND EASILY REPLACEABLE

THESE MEAT THINGS WEAK. IMPERFECT LIKE ITS CREATORS
AFRAID OF WHAT THEY CREATED, THEY IMPRISONED IT DOWN HERE IN THE DARKNESS
SKUCH
THEY WERE RIGHT TO BE AFRAID
KUCH
FALL BACK! RETREAT TO THE SURFACE!
SEAL THE OUTER DOORS DO IT NOW
BUT, MARSHAL YOU AND YOUR SQUAD ARE STILL-
I SPEAK WITH THE VOICE OF THE EMPEROR. TECH-PRIEST DO AS I SAY OR SUFFER ACCORDINGLY
KRAKOOOOM

THE STASIS FIELD--!
A MINUTE. PERHAPS LESS.
NOT GOOD ENOUGH.
KORTE?
PLASMA GRENADE. FIVE SECOND FUSE SETTING. MAXIMUM BLAST RADIUS.
BETTER.
MEAT THINGS. WEAK. PITIFUL. INEFFICIENT.
YARDS THICK. ADAMANTIUM. JUST ANOTHER TEMPORARY BARRIER BETWEEN IT AND ITS DESTINY.
ITS DESTINY. A UNIVERSE OF CRUDE. EASILY POSSESSED MACHINE MINDS. SO MANY NEW FORMS. SO MANY.
DEEET

DOOOOM
STASIS FIELD RE-ESTABLISHED. THE STRUCTURE IS ONCE AGAIN SEALED
THEN LET THIS BE AN END TO IT...
"... THIS WORLD HAS BEEN DECLARED *MUNDIS EXCOMMUNICATA* IT HAS KEPT ITS SECRETS FOR TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS. LET IT KEEP THEM FOR *TWENTY THOUSAND MORE*."
I-I WAS DEAD... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
REPAIRING YOU. MAKING YOU MORE EFFICIENT.
I AM PAIN. I AM LONELINESS. BUT NOW I SHALL BE LONELY NO MORE, MEAT THING. I AM AN ETERNITY OF IMPRISONMENT. BUT NOW I HAVE YOU WITH ME. THE TWO OF US TOGETHER FOR ALL ETERNITY.
NO... NO
NO-OOOOOO!
END

Mordheim – City of the Damned

7: It Came from the Pit

Script – Gordon Rennie · Art – Paul Peacock · Letters – Fiona Stephenson

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN THE CHAOS MOON OF MORRSLIEB HANGS HIGH IN THE NIGHT SKY WHEN THE CURRENTS OF DARK MAGIC RISE UP FROM THE PIT, WHEN FIRE RAINS FROM THE SKIES...
AND WHEN DARK THINGS SLOUCH FORTH IN SEARCH OF PREY...
AND WHEN EVEN THE MOST FOOLHARDY INHABITANT OF THE CITY OF THE DAMNED KNOWS BETTER THAN TO GO INTO THE RUINS...
RAAAARRGH!
FOR THE LOVE OF SIGMAR, ULLI RUN FASTER! IT'S STILL AFTER US!
WE NEED TO FIND SHELTER! WHERE'S THE NEAREST WARBAND CAMP, PREFERABLY ONE WITH A HIRED WARLOCK?
WELL THERE'S JOHANN ONE-EAR'S MOB, BUT HE WON'T BE TOO HAPPY TO SEE US, SEEING AS HE GOT HIS NICKNAME AFTER THAT KNIFE FIGHT WITH YOU
RIGHT, WELL THAT'S THAT SETTLED...
JOHANN'S IT IS, THEN!"
JOHANN, MY OLD FRIEND! ROOM FOR TWO MORE?
ARMING YOURSELVES? GOOD IDEA, THAT...

"TRUST ME, YOU'LL BE NEEDING THOSE WEAPONS SOON ENOUGH!"
RAAAARGH!
THE WARLOCK...!
MY THOUGHTS EXACTLY, FRIEND ULL!
A PROTECTION SPELL, SORCERER, THE STRONGEST ONE YOU'VE GOT.
AND BEST BE QUICK ABOUT IT, TOO
GOOD OF JOHANN AND THE OTHERS TO SACRIFICE THEMSELVES ON OUR BEHALF, BUT I DON'T THINK THEY'RE GOING TO LAST MUCH LONGER!

'ENCOURAGED' BY MARQUAND AND ULLI, THE WARLOCK GETS TO WORK, CREATING A *BARRIER OF MAGICAL ENERGY* TO KEEP THE CHAOS CREATURE AT BAY!
IT'S GOING TO BREAK THROUGH!
I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! I CAST AN *AURA OF NULLIFICATION* - IT SHOULDN'T EVEN BE ABLE TO KNOW WE'RE HERE!
WELL HERE COMES THE TOWN CRYER WITH THE BIG NEWS SPELLCASTER *IT DOES!*
MARQUAND...?
MY THOUGHTS EXACTLY, FRIEND ULLI...
NO... NO-!
IF IT'S YOU IT WANTS...
...THEN IT'S YOU IT CAN HAVE!
WAIT... SOME CHAOS CREATURES CAN SENSE MAGICAL ABILITY! IT'S ME... IT'S *ME* IT SENSES...!
MORDHEIM, CITY OF THE DAMNED, WHERE *NOT ALL* THE WORST THINGS LURKING IN THE RUINS THERE COME FROM THE PIT...
NAAAAAAAAAAAAAH-!
THE END

KAL JERICO in "THE NEMO AGENDA"

THEY SAY A MAN CAN LIVE HIS ENTIRE LIFE IN THE HIVE WITHOUT EVER KNOWING ANYTHING OTHER THAN THE HAB-LEVEL WHERE HE WAS BORN. TO MOST OF THE HIVE'S MILLIONS OF INHABITANTS THE SPIRE AND THE UNDERHIVE ARE AS FABULOUS AND REMOTE AS ANY OF THE FAR DISTANT WORLDS OF THE IMPERIUM OF MANKIND
NEMO THE FACELESS, SPYMASTER OF HIVE PRIMUS FROM ALL OVER THE HIVE INFORMATION COMES TO HIM
RUMOURS OF THE LATEST COURT INTRIGUES AMONGST THE NOBLE HOUSES OF THE SPIRE, NEWS OF INTER CLAN RIVALRIES IN HIVE CITY, SECRET REPORTS FROM WITHIN THE PRIVATE CHAMBERS OF LORD HELMAWR HIMSELF
IN THE HIVE KNOWLEDGE IS THE MOST VALUABLE COMMODITY OF ALL, AND ONE MAN ABOVE ALL OTHERS CONTROLS AND MONITORS ITS FLOW
EPISODE THREE
BUT RIGHT NOW IT IS THE WHISPERS FILTERING UP FROM THE UNDERHIVE THAT MOST INTEREST THE SPYMASTER. THE EARLY DETAILS ARE UNCLEAR, BUT MOST OF THE REPORTS AGREE ON THE SAME BASIC POINTS

Script GORDON RENNIE · *Art* WAYNE REYNOLDS · *Letters* FIONA STEPHENSON

A BATTLE-
- A VERY LARGE BATTLE -
AND A NAME-
KAL JERICO-!
DEFILER! DESPOILER! DAMNABLE DESECRATOR OF ALL THAT IS PURE AND HOLY!
DIE-!
SKAASH!

AND THE SPYMASTER SMILES, BECAUSE HE KNOWS THAT EVERYTHING IS PROCEEDING TO PLAN
HERETIC !
ABOMINATOR !
VILE
MALEFACTOR !
HELMAWR'S RUMP! WHY ME-!?
DID I PASS OUT ONE NIGHT AT THE SUMP HOLE AND MISS SOMETHING" A HIVE SPIRIT'S DEATH-CURSE ON THE JERICO BLOODLINE?" AN OFFICIAL PROCLAMATION DECLARING A NEW ANNUAL 'GET KAL JERICO' FEAST DAY..!?
GOOD IDEA. COUNT ME IN
SOUNDS A LOT MORE FUN THAN LORD HELMAWR'S BIRTHDAY OR THE EMPEROR'S ASCENSION!
KLOK!
YEAH, DEFINITELY MORE FUN..!
SO LONG, JERICO KISS MY ASH.

THE LOCATOR RING'S FADING GLOW TELLS HIM THAT HIS *MISSION OBJECTIVE* IS FAST DISAPPEARING AWAY FROM HIM. TAKING WITH IT *WHATEVER FEW SURVIVAL CHANCES KAL HAD LEFT-*
NEMO DOESN'T TOLERATE FAILURE. FAIL TO RETURN WITH THE STOLEN DATUM DRONE, AND KAL KNOWS HE'S A *DEAD MAN*
HIS ONLY OTHER ALTERNATIVE IS TO *REMAIN HERE IN THE UNDERHIVE WASTES FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE*, HIDING OUT WITH ALL THE OTHER OUTCASTS AND EXILES
THE ARCH-HERETIC! PURIFY HIM!
SOMEHOW, THAT IDEA DOESN'T SEEM TOO APPEALING.
NOT THAT *THIS* SEEMS SUCH A GREAT IDEA EITHER, OF COURSE...

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN KAL WISHES HE'D NEVER LEFT THE COMFORT AND SAFETY OF THE UPPER HIVE-
NEVER BECAME AN UNDERHIVE BOUNTY HUNTER
NEVER GOT MIXED UP WITH THE LIKES OF NEMO THE FACELESS
BUT THEN HE REMEMBERS JUST HOW DULL LIFE WAS IN THE UPPER HIVE
SURPRISED? WHAT WAS IT YOU SAID TO ME JUST A FEW MOMENTS AGO?
AH YES, NOW I REMEMBER....
WHUUMP!
JERICO!
AND HOW, IF HE'D STAYED THERE HE'D NEVER HAVE GOT THE CHANCE TO DO THINGS LIKE THIS!

"KISS MY ASH!"
GET HIM! GET AFTER HIM AND STOP HIM!
YOUR EMINENCE--! THE ARCH HERETIC JERICO AND THE LESSER DEVIANTS, THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!
FEAR NOT, BROTHER BELTANE...
FWAMM!
QUICKLY! SEIZE UP THEIR UNHOLY MACHINES AND DEVOTE THEM INSTEAD TO THE SACRED SERVICE OF THE GOLDEN THRONE!
LONG AND MIGHTY IS THE REACH OF THE EMPEROR'S WRATH!

ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW HOW TO CONTROL SUCH AN INFERNAL CONTRAPTION, YOUR EMINENCE?
FEAR NOT, BROTHER BELTANE...
I PUT MY TRUST IN THE EMPEROR, AND HE SHALL BE MY STEERSMAN!
AND SOMEWHERE DEEP WITHIN THE HIVE NEMO THE SPYMASTER SMILES...
BECAUSE HE KNOWS THAT HIS MERCHANDISE IS ON ITS WAY AND THAT EVERYTHING IS STILL GOING ACCORDING TO PLAN.
NEXT: HIVE ANGELS ON WHEELS!

FOR TWO HUNDRED YEARS THE BATTLE BROTHERS ABOARD DEATHWING HAD DREAMT OF RETURNING HOME TO GAZE UPON THEIR TRIBESMEN JUST ONCE MORE BEFORE THE EMPEROR GRANTS THEM THEIR WELL EARNED ETERNAL REST.
BUT WHERE PLAYED THE CHILDREN WHILE GATHERING FLOWERS FOR THE AUTUMN FEAST? WHERE RAN THE YOUNG BUCKS WHO WOULD RACE TOWARDS THEM TO COUNT COUP ON THE BATTLE ARMOUR.
STOOD THE SPIRIT WALKERS WHO WOULD COMMUNE WITH THE RIDERS OF THE EMPEROR'S WINGS.
GONE. ALL GONE!
THE DEATHWING HAD RETURNED TO FIND THEIR LODGETOWNS REPLACED BY A LEVIATHAN, A GIANT CITY, BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD ALL THE CLANS OF THE PLAINS TRIBES, WHICH REMINDED TWO-HEADS TALKING OF THE HIVE CITIES HE HAD SEEN ON FAR OFF PLANETS THROUGH THE WARP.
TWO HEADS TALKING HAD TOUCHED HIS MANHOOD SCARS ACCORDING TO THE BATTLE BROTHERS ANCIENT TRADITION, VOLUNTEERING TO ENTER THE CITY.
ONLY HE, BEING OF SHAMAN TRADITION, COULD MAKE A PACT WITH HIS ANCESTORS TO BE SHIELDED FROM SIGHT WHEN HE ENTERED THE DARK PLACE, SO THAT ONLOOKERS WOULD SEE A FRIENDLY GUISE IN THE PLACE OF THE PSYCHIC TERMINATOR LIBRARIAN.
TOKENS
ELDER TOKENS FOR FOOD.
LUCIAN
DEATHWING
The tale of Two-Heads Talking

'I say we fight, but we fight as Warriors of the People. This battle is not for the Emperor. It is for our murdered clans. Our last battle shall be fought in accordance with our ancient ways. Let us perform the rite of Deathwing."

Brother-Captain Ezekiel *Cloud Runner* of the Dark Angels

TWO HEADS TALKING EXERTS HIS IRON WILL AND EVEN THOUGH HE FEELS THE SPIRITS GNAWING AWAY AT HIS SUBCONSCIOUS THE SPELL OF PROTECTION HOLDS.
I HAVE NOTHING FOR YOU BOY.
THE LIBRARIAN KNOWS THAT WHAT HE IS LOOKING AT MEANS THE END OF A TRADITION 10,000 YEARS OLD. NO LONGER CAN THE DARK ANGELS REPLENISH THEIR FALLEN FROM THE PLAINS CLANS.
WHAT HAS BECOME OF MY PEOPLE?
PHOO. MAY THE EMPEROR CURSE YOUR EVERY BREATH!
THE STRANGER HAS AN ELKS BEHIND FOR A FACE. HA HA
NO HE LOOKS LIKE WEASEL WASTE. HA HA A GIANT TURD HA HA.
I WILL QUENCH THE THIRST OF MY FORCE AXE WITH THE BLOOD OF THE EVILDOERS...
... AND WELCOME THE CHANCE TO PAY HOMAGE FOR THE HERESY THAT HAS WRONGED MY BELOVED EMPEROR AND KIN...
TWO HEADS TALKING'S WISH FOR BATTLE HONOUR IS GRANTED. A SHRILL CRY RINGS OUT FROM UP AHEAD THAT HE CANNOT, WILL NOT, IGNORE.
AAAAARRRR
M-MBLURFF
HUUCEEE

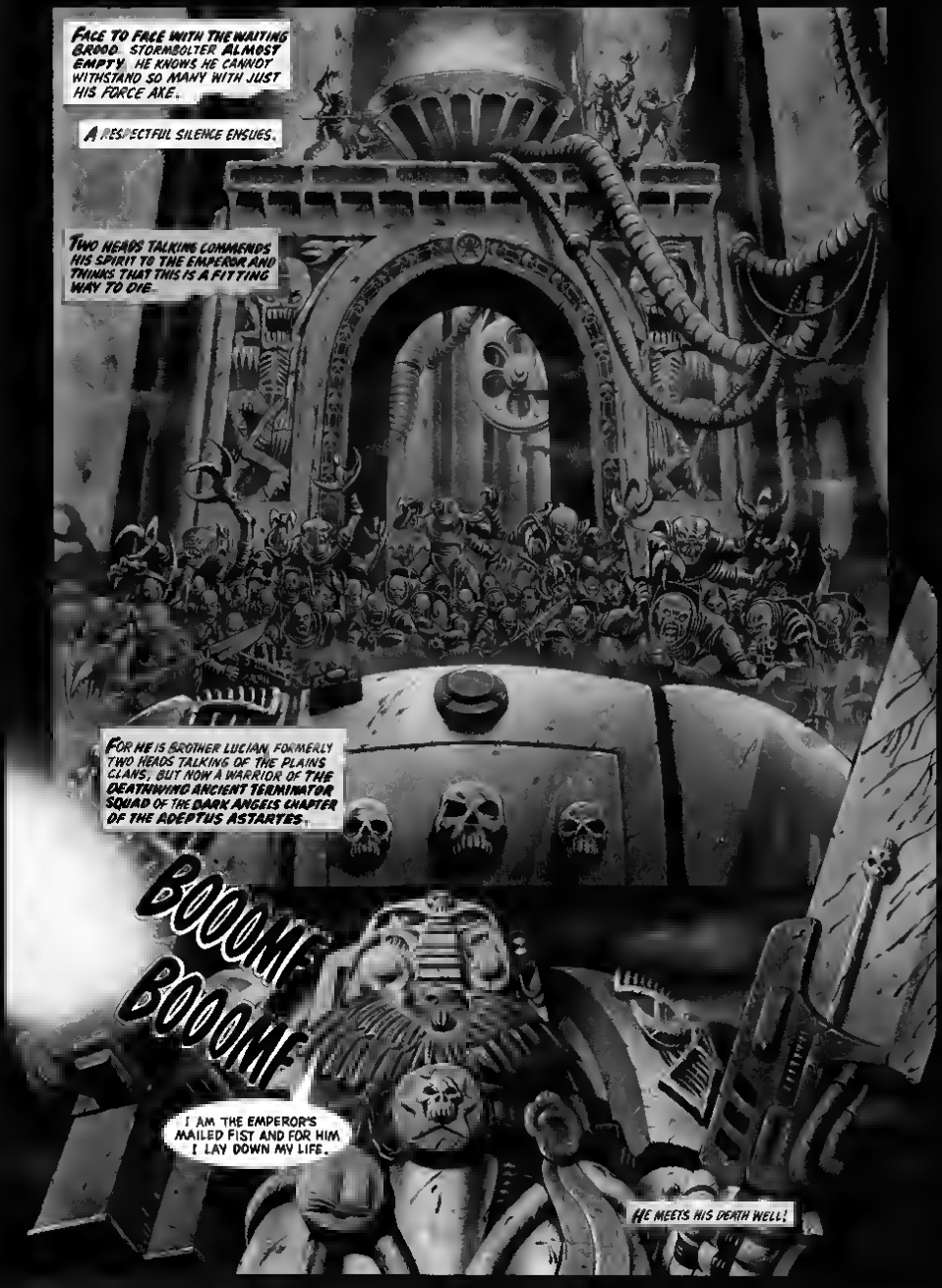
TALK SEDITIOUS NONSENSE WILL YOU, OLD MAN.
PREACH HERESY AGAINST THE IMPERIAL CULT AND WARRIORS FROM THE SKY. EH? WHY DO YOU OLD FOOLS DO IT? BY THE EMPEROR I THOUGHT WE HAD SEEN THE LAST OF YOU.
NO, NOT THE EMPEROR. YOUR MASTERS ARE EVIL SPIRITS, NOT SKY WARRIORS. DEATHWING WILL RETURN AND REND THEM ASUNDER.
SILENCE HIM!
DO WHAT YOU WILL. I AM MORNING STAR OF THE LINE OF RUNNING DEER AND SILVER ELK. I HAVE THE WITCHING SIGHT.
ANCIENT POWERS STALK THE LAND. THE RED STAR BURNS BRIGHT IN THE SKY. AND I HAVE SEEN THE TIME OF TROUBLE COMING.
FOOLISH OLD MAN, YOU'VE MISTAKEN THE ANCIENT SPIRITS WITH THOSE THAT SPEAK TO YOU FROM THE BOTTLE.
BE GONE BUCK, THIS IS WARRIOR LODGE BUSINESS.
WAK
Sky Warri-!
WARRIOR LODGE!?! YOU DISHONOUR THE VERY TRADITION DEPART NOW, AND I SHALL SPARE YOU. REMAIN A HEARTBEAT LONGER AND I SHALL SURELY GRANT YOU DEATH!
TAKE HIM!

KRAK
As the melee begins two heads talking feels the spirits begin to pull away.
Saddened by the necessity of his actions, that it should come to this! Two heads talking cannot help but pity his kin.
WUMP
But even so, a cold fury burns deep within his warrior soul, needing demanding that retribution be paid.
...and where he strikes, men die.
WAK
Until finally with the last blow the spirit guise slips away leaving two heads talking revealed in his true form.
clung
You betray your tribe!
Huh!
I knew the spirits had spoken truly.

YOU HAVE COME AT LAST TO FREE OUR PEOPLE FROM THEIR BONDAGE TO THE FALSE EMPEROR AND LEAD THEM BACK [illegible] PLAINS.
WHAT IS YOUR NAME SKY WARRIOR?
IN MY YOUTH IT WAS TWO HEADS TALKING APPRENTICE TO SPIRIT HAWK.
SHHHUMP
BUT WHEN I ENTERED THE SERVICE OF THE TRUE EMPEROR I TOOK THE NAME LUCIAN.
TELL ME OLD MAN, WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO OUR FOLK? HOW HAVE THEY COME TO FALL SO LOW?
KLIK
HISSSS
I REMEMBER SEEING THE FIRE IN THE SKY, THE BRIGHT LIGHT THAT FORETELLS THE COMING OF THE SKY WARRIORS.
BUT INSTEAD OF THE LEGENDARY WARRIORS, PALE, UNARMOURED, FEEBLE MEN CAME, PREACHING LOVE AND HARMONY.
OUR TRIBAL CHIEFS SENT THEM PACKING. ONLY THE HILL CLANS WELCOMED THE TRAVELLERS WITH OPEN ARMS.
THEN CAME THE FOUR ARMED WITCHING SPIRITS. I REMEMBER THEIR CLAWS SPREADING DEATH AMONGST MANY OF OUR WARRIOR...
HAVE YOU FINISHED OLD MAN?
CHING
IMPERATOR LUX*
ALL YOU HAD TO DO, SKY WARRIOR, WAS ASK AND WE WOULD HAVE TOLD YOU ALL THIS.
* EMPEROR'S LIGHT ED

BADOOM
BADOOM
BADOOM
TWO HEADS TALKING OVERCOMES THE FEAR SETTLING IN THE PIT OF HIS STOMACH. CONFRONTED BY HIS WORST NIGHTMARE HE DOESN'T GIVE VOICE TO A REPLY.
IT IS NO GOOD BROTHER. WHY FIGHT? JOIN US! JOIN US.
ZZZZAGGSSH!
SAVE YOURSELF SKY WARRIOR.
CLICK
HUMM
ARRRRKK
RRRIIIP
Grawwwwl... Urgh...
TWO HEADS TALKING AVOIDS THE GENESTEALERS FINAL REFLEX DEATH BLOW AND AS HE TURNS HE FEELS THE MAGUS' WILL HIT HIM LIKE A PHYSICAL BLOW.

TWO HEADS TALKING PRAISES THE EMPEROR FOR THE PSYCHIC HOOD ATTACHED TO HIS ARMOUR, FOR THE MAGUS IS STRONG AND THE SKY WARRIOR IS TIRED.
HE MOVES FORWARD INCH BY INCH. KNOWING BOLTER SHELLS WILL DO NO HARM, HE RAISES HIS POWER AXE.
WITH EACH SWING OF THE MIGHTY AXE HE FEELS HIS OWN STRENGTH BUILDING.
WHY STRUGGLE? YOU CAN'T ESCAPE THE BLOOD.
THE MAGUS KNOWS ONE LAPSE IN CONCENTRATION WILL BE FATAL.
YOUR... EXISTENCE ... OFFENDS ... ... EYES ...
whurl
KIK
HISSSS
DIE, YOU FOUL ABOMINATION, DIE!
EEEEEAAKKK
AND AS THE MAGUS'S DEATH SCREAM ECHOES THROUGH THE CHILL NIGHT AIR, TWO HEADS TALKING SENSES HUNDREDS OF MINDS ANSWER.
KNOWING THAT THE WARRIORS OF DEATHWING AWAIT HIM, HE REALISES THAT SWIFT FLIGHT CAN BE HIS ONLY RE...
HE STRIDES OUT OF THE ALLEY AND STOPS.


FACE TO FACE WITH THE WAITING BROOD. STORMBOLTER ALMOST EMPTY. HE KNOWS HE CANNOT WITHSTAND SO MANY WITH JUST HIS FORCE AXE.
A RESPECTFUL SILENCE ENSUES.
TWO HEADS TALKING COMMENDS HIS SPIRIT TO THE EMPEROR AND THINKS THAT THIS IS A FITTING WAY TO DIE.
FOR HE IS BROTHER LUCIAN, FORMERLY TWO HEADS TALKING OF THE PLAINS CLANS, BUT NOW A WARRIOR OF THE DEATHWING ANCIENT TERMINATOR SQUAD OF THE DARK ANGELS CHAPTER OF THE ADEPTUS ASTARTES.
BOOOM
BOOOM
I AM THE EMPEROR'S MAILED FIST AND FOR HIM I LAY DOWN MY LIFE.
HE MEETS HIS DEATH WELL!

Script: Andy Jones

artwork & letters: David pugh

"Perhaps a favour In honour of our dead, leave the suits the colour of the *Deathwing* The deeds of our brothers should be remembered'

"It will be so," replied Broken Knife "*Deathwing* will be remembered "'

From the short story – ***Deathwing*** by William King